

THE OREAD.

Vol. 1.

Mount Carroll Seminary, Carroll County, Illinois, March, 1869.

No. 3.

THE OREAD.

MOUNT CARROLL, ILLINOIS.

MARCH, 1869.

With the opening of the New Year, we issue the first number of the Oread. It will be a sheet of sixteen pages, published monthly, under the direction of the members of the Oread Society, and its columns will be open to contributions not only from the present class of students, but from such of the former pupils as may choose to communicate with us. While our prominent design is the intellectual improvement of the pupils, our aim shall also be to furnish profitable and entertaining reading matter for all.

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VICK'S

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JAMES VICK, Rochester, N. Y.

The Oreads' Serenade.

[TUNE—Gondolier's Serenade.*]

1.

Diana, near Apollo
Surveys the earth by day:
Her nymphs by night must follow
Along their star-paved way.
Come, let us, upward gazing,
Look on those orbs now blazing
With light so still and pure,
Governed by laws so sure!
The bell for nine has sounded,
Our study hours to close:
By heavenly scenes surrounded,
We may forbear repose.
Diana, near Apollo
Surveys the earth by day:
Her nymphs by night must follow
Along their star-paved way.
Come, let us, upward gazing,
Look on those orbs now blazing
With light so still and pure,
Governed by laws so sure!
Come! come away!

2.

The moon, still looking toward us,
Shines only to the Sun:
No light she now affords us;
Her monthly task is done.
Come then, while she, so willing
Her horn again is filling,
See what orbs furnish light
To deck the veil of night.
Soon we shall hear the token,—
"Lights out!—let all be still!"
Now, though few words be spoken,
With work each moment fill.
Come! come away!

3.

When stars above are shining,
Though night the darker seems,
We'll banish all repining;
Each orb the brighter gleams.
Come then, while all are glowing,
Night's varied glory showing,
We'll trace each modest star
That glimmers from afar.
Time! let thy moments linger!
Ye orbs! move slowly by!
We would read what God's finger
Has written on the sky!
Come! come away!

*Sorial Glee Book, p. 44.

K.

"Aunt Em's" Experiences.

CONCLUDED.

"No, Carrie, this is a history of the past. I admired him very much the first evening I saw him, and still more as I met him more frequently, and listened to his conversation. There was depth and earnestness in all that he said, joined to a child-like simplicity.

He called on us frequently, and, after a time, invited me to accompany him to lectures and to visit the Art Gallery, &c. He did not dance, and disapproved of theatres, but I liked him the better in consequence.

I cannot think why he should have cared for me, excepting in a compassionate way.

One evening I was reading a portly novel of several hundred pages, which I laid on the table as he entered. During the evening he took it up and glanced at the title and author's name. I wanted his opinion, so I said; "Have you read it, Mr. Laurie?"

"No," he replied, and added after a moment's hesitation, "I believe that author is not considered a very suitable or instructive writer for the young."

"For the young!" I thought. "How impudent!" I defended my book and its author in a saucy speech to which he did not reply.

He looked grieved, but was too much of a gentleman to manifest any vexation which he might feel.

When he called again, he brought me a couple of volumes of the old English poets, with the request that I should read them. Really caring for his esteem, I summoned all my courage and dragged myself through them,—books, by the way, which I enjoy exceedingly now. I was very proud when I returned them saying I had read them through, to see the pleased look in his eyes, and hear his expressions of pleasure. He asked my opinion of certain fine passages, but I could say nothing about them, nor indeed, any portion of the works, having read with the simple idea of getting through. He must have noticed my embarrassment as he changed the subject, and afterwards, avoided a strictly literary topic.

The heroine of my favorite novel was an imperious damsel who delighted in bringing lovers to their knees by the score. I admired her, and thought such a mode of procedure very commendable. This I mention in explanation of my absurd behavior the night before leaving father's to return to grandmother. She was out of health and had written for me to come home.

Mr. Laurie called in the evening. After chatting a few moments, he said in his brief, honest way, that he had heard of my intended departure and felt that he must see me before I went.

I thought of my heroine and drew myself up in the most dignified manner, which, however, he did not seem to notice.

"I ought," he said, "to have seen your father first, but trust that he will pardon my omission of that formality. Will you be my wife, Emma?"

"My heart was beating fast with joyful excitement, but I drew myself up haughtily, and said; 'Your presumption surprises me, Mr. Laurie.'

"I expected that he would ask an explanation, and sue for my favor in true, romance style, when I would relent, but he did not. He looked at me an instant only, as if to satisfy himself that he was really talking to Emma Freer, then, wishing me a pleasant journey, bowed politely and withdrew. I never shall forget the look of pained surprise which came into his eyes at my words, nor my useless regrets when he had gone. I spoke of the affair to no one. I could not bear ever to *think* of it, but, as soon as I was settled at grandmother's, gave myself up body and mind to constant and exhausting

labor. My only *rest* was to work until completely worn out, then sleep until I could work again.

"Dr. Lathrop frequently called to see grandmother, and, on one of these visits, questioned me with regard to my health. He left some kind of tonic for me, and the next time he came, invited me to ride with him to a place five or six miles distant, where he was to visit a patient.

"After we had started and the somewhat infirm old horse was jogging along easily, the doctor turned his keen gray eyes upon me, and said in his blunt way, 'Do you believe in self-murder?'

"'Why, no!' I answered in astonishment. 'I do not understand you.'

"'You answered my question, nevertheless,' he replied. 'You say you do *not* believe in it, yet you are killing yourself.'

"'I think not,' I said. 'I am working hard, it is true, but that is just what I need.'

"'You need a sufficient amount of exercise, of course,' the doctor answered, 'but for you to leave your idle city-life, and plunge into the hardest physical labor, and, as your grandmother tells me, without any cessation until you can't stand up any longer—why! really, Miss Emma, it is the most *absurd* proceeding of which any patient of mine has ever been guilty, and I have some rather absurd customers.

"'I was just weak and nervous enough to cry, and could not trust my voice to reply, though I was heartily ashamed of myself for being so foolish.

"After a short pause, Dr. Lathrop resumed.

"'Something is troubling you, and you are keeping it to yourself,

and trying to work it off, and you *may* succeed, if you do not kill yourself first. Now my advice is to tell your good grandmother what troubles you, or, if you cannot do that, make a 'father-confessor' of the old doctor. Perhaps I can help you,' he added in a kind and serious tone much unlike his usual way of speaking.

"I told him the story, and when it was finished, he talked to me as no one ever had done before. He did not dwell upon my foolish conduct nor its results, but spoke of the peace and happiness still in store for me, if I would only learn to live a *true* life—learn to be happy in the happiness of others, and to be guided by principle instead of impulse. He told me of the rest and deep, abiding joy christian life, and urged me to off the weary burden that the *world* imposes, and take up the cross of Christ which is light because he helps us bear it.

"Then was the dawning of a new and holier life.

"It was my privilege to make the few remaining years of my grandmother's life comfortable and happy, though the time was too short to repay a hundredth part of all she had done for me."

"Aunt Em." paused, and Carrie said, "was that your *last* experience, Auntie?"

"No," was the reply; when I was about thirty, a rich widower of forty-five offered to share his wealth and his four children with me, an honor which was respectfully declined."

"And I cannot help thinking still, Emma," said Mrs. Clinton, "that you were foolish for doing so."

"I think not. I did not *love* Mr. Vorter; I had become accus-

tomed to the title of 'old maid;' had found a single life to be full of opportunities for doing good, and had decided that I could live a truer life, untrammelled by bonds that only love can make easy and light."

When Miss Freer and Carrie separated that night at the door of the latter's room, Carrie said:

"You will forget my nonsense of this afternoon, won't you, Aunt Em?"

"Certainly," was the response, "if you will *remember* and *profit* by my nonsense of this evening."

"Oh! but it *wasn't* nonsense," Carrie said earnestly. "I am sure it will do me good. I shall be afraid even of the *outside* of a novel after this, and if anybody should happen to propose, I'll say 'yes' before they can wink. But seriously, Auntie, I shall not be half so afraid now of being called an 'old maid.'"

Life and Adventures of Theophilus.

At an early age the subject of this sketch was left alone in the world.

He was adopted by two maiden ladies who did all in their power to assist him to earn his own livelihood.

The lands around the lonely mansion where dwelt these two spinsters and their precious charge, were covered with an abundance of thistles. Against these thistles malicious thoughts sprang up in the minds of "ye ancient ladies," and they, by some means, ascertained that sifting the seeds from the thistles would be a profitable employment as well as an amusing pastime for the youth.

What to do with the seeds was, of course, best known to themselves. At least, they did not impose on Theophilus the task of

disposing of them.

However, a sieve was obtained and placed in his hands; and, as he knew the importance of diligence, he went to work with good will; nor did he give up in despair because his progress was slow. He worked so faithfully that history says, while engaged in this dutiful occasion, he "ran three thousand thistles through the thick of his thumb." If our American youths were to try to gain a fortune under such *pointed* difficulties as our hero encountered, we fear most of them would give up in despair long before they had "thrust three thousand thistles through the thick of their thumbs."

Whether Theophilus ever made a fortune by his diligence, I am not able to say; but his fame spread far and near, so that he was known every where by the title of "Theophilus the thistle sifter who thrust three thousand thistles through the thick of his thumb."

If he really did thrust three thousand thistles through the thick of his thumb, I think he must have had a *very sore thumb*.

MINE ADVERTISEMENT.

Rund away, sdolen or was strayed, mine large plack horse apout fourteen or fifteen hants hie.

He has got four plack legs, two pehint and two pefore. He ish plack all over hish pody but he has got some vite spots upon hish pack where de skin was rub off, but I greased em and de vite spots ish all plack again. He drots and kanTERS and somedimes vaks on hish legs, and hish feet go on von after de oder von. He hash two ears on hish head, poth alike, but von ish placker dan de oder von.

He hash two eyes. Von ish put out and de odder von ish on de side of hish head.

Ven you go on de odder side he vont see you right away unt no times. He hash a long dail vat hangs down pehind, but I cut it short de oder day, unt now tish not so long vat ish vash.

He ish shod all around but his pehint shoos come off unt now he ish only got shoes pefore. He holts up hish head unt looks gay, unt ven he ish frighened, he yumps apout like everyting in te worlt. He vill rite mit a saddle, or a chase, or a kar, or he vill go by hisself, mit nopody put a pag on hish pack mit a poy on it.

He ish not very olt, unt hish head ven he vaks or runs, goes pefore, unt hish dail stays pehint, only ven he turns round unt gets mat unt den hish dail somedimes cums first.

Whoever vill pring him pack shall pay five tollers reward. Unt if he pring pack the tief vat stolt him he shall pay five tollers and ashtd no von blamet question.

The Mission of the Dew-drop.

One evening I was sitting on the bank of a little stream which as it rippled along seemed to murmur words of peace and contentment.

The sun had set, and stars came peeping forth in the sky, seeming to vie with each other in lighting up the dark world beneath them. Looking around me I noticed that the dew had fallen, and was wondering what good these little drops could do, when one of them seemed to whisper to me, that theirs was a mission of love and mercy. They had come to moisten the earth around the little flowers and grass which had been withered by the rays of the scorching sun.

I then started up from my reverie, and, as I walked along, I noticed that the grass was all wet with these little drops, which showed

that they had by perseverance accomplished their mission.

If such little things can do so much good, why cannot we, each day, by little deeds of kindness, cheer the lonely hearts of those around us?

Let us all remember that we, as well as the dew-drop, have a mission.

JUST MARRIED.

We clip the following sentences from a well-known periodical: "A newly married man goes about as one in a dream. His mind is constantly perplexed. * * Only let the servant happen to place a pair of his wife's boots along side his own, what emotions the sight *must* inspire. Especially, if his wife happens to have a little foot, and he a big one, no spectacle can be more suggestive. How protective the big boots look! It would be hard to imagine that those darling little ones could stand alone again. * * And above all, how pleasant to have a dear little head pillowed on his shoulder, a pair of rosy lips to kiss, and a charming angel ever hovering near, thinking of nothing, caring for nothing, but himself." There! if that is not selfishness personified, I'd like to know where you would find it. But that is just the way with men; all they care for is "*I*" and "*mine*." I should think their minds *would* be "*perplexed*," with such a *multitude* of cares. Such a burden is sufficient to break one's back, without the addition of a "*pretty nothing*" simply to please. As it is, he is oftentimes almost crazed. One minute, woman is an angel,—he cannot say enough about her "dear little head," "sweet lips," "fairy fingers," "darling little feet," and a long lingo of similar trash that brings forcibly to mind *baby-talk* and *soothing syrup*; the next mo-

ment, one would think he had just returned from the court room of Investigation, where one, Censure, was Chief Justice—judging from the long list of faults and accusations brought forward.

But then, a *man* never does any thing wrong. Oh, no! He is the very pink of perfection. Just let him wait awhile, till our "*dear little heads*" have had time to fit themselves for some of the positions which *men* now monopolize; then we will show them whether the "*darling little feet*" can stand alone; whether we will devote all our thoughts to them.

By no means, however, do we expect to annihilate the little innocents; still, as they have enjoyed their privileges for most *sixty* centuries, we think it is about time we were allowed to say, with our own mouths, that we have an existence, instead of being obliged to wait for a man to get ready to announce it. We, in the meantime, starving or being *allowed* to teach school, give music lessons, or go out sewing, for ten cents less than nothing per week.

I verily believe, if they could, they would make us think as the Mormons do; that woman who is *nothing* and *nobody*, cannot even go to Heaven without a man to take her.

MOONLIGHT MUSINGS.

The moon has risen—the glorious full orb'd moon. What warmth, what a radiance suffuse her disk, as she climbs her mysterious path through the heavens! How the old oaken forest shines in her light! Now her rays stream horizontally across the landscape, bridging ravines and valleys and all deep and dark recesses, as with arches of silver.

Her course is onward and upward; and soon the loftiest tree tops and

highest towers become illuminated. She shines upon crowns and thrones of the old world, and upon the quiet burial mounds of the brave who fell in defense of their country.

She silvers the whitened walls of the fisherman's hut by the sea. She illuminates the grand old parks of England, and the dim old forests of America. The crowded city, and the vacant prairie; the sandy desert, and the billowy ocean; the snowy peaks of the Andes and Alps, and the deep caverns of the Pacific. Her rays steal through the lattice of the dungeon, and look upon the abode of the wealthy.

She smiles on the cradle of the infant, and on the coffin of the grandsire; on flower-wreathed trellises and pillars, and on gallows awaiting victims. She sheds a placid light on blooming bowers, and on yawning graves; on orchards drooping with ripening fruit, and on mines disclosing their wealth of ore; on votaries of pleasure as they whirl through the mazes of the dance, and on the beggar asleep on the pavement stones. She smiles on all alike, just as our Father's love rests upon *all* His children.

MEMORIES.

The winter wind blows cold without, swaying the tall pines, that with their hollow murmur seem to keep time to its whistling as it rises and falls, and at last dies away in the distance with a low moan.

In spite of the warmth within, I listen to the howling of the wind without, while the memories of the past fill my heart with sorrow.—Before me is the Saturday's mending which I take piece by piece, till the last one is removed from the basket.

It is the same basket which, thirty years ago, I placed by my side on Saturday evening; and while my foot rested on the cradle,

stockings, aprons, and pants were successively taken from the basket, mended, and laid aside.

With what a sigh of relief I saw the last garment removed; wondering if ever mother and wife had a lot as hard as mine.

At last the pile was lowered.—One pair of little stockings was laid aside, never to enter the basket again. One pair of little feet, that were wont to be heard from morn till eve, was silent never to be heard again. The death angel had entered our dwelling and taken our Minnie, our darling one from us.

Oh, what sorrow filled our hearts, to know that we should never see her more; never more, listen to her childish prattle! But I said, "God heard my repining and this is my reward. I will try to say 'Thy will be done.'"

Many years have passed since then. The children have grown to be men and women. One by one, they have left the home of their childhood, to fill their places in this busy world; and at last I am left alone. Age has laid his hand upon me, my brow is wrinkled, and my hair is silvered.

I am almost on the river's bank, and I wait, with patience, till the angel shall come to bear me over to that land, where I shall meet the loved ones, gone before; where there is no more parting, but all is peace and joy.

The Adventures of a Night.

Faster and faster the snow-flakes fall, until there appears a perfect cloud of white 'twixt heaven and earth.

The doleful moans and shrieks of the wind sound in my ear, as it sweeps about the house, rattling the window panes, and shaking the doors. Finding no entrance, it dies away with a parting howl of despair; but soon with renewed vig-

or, returns to the contest.

All through the earlier part of the night, the battle of the elements continues.

Wearied, at last, I drop into a troubled slumber. Dreams soon pay me their nightly visit. My body, seeming to partake of the restlessness of my mind, gives me but little quiet.

All is misty. But see! the darkness is slowly rolling away and I am standing by the banks of a beautiful stream. Tall trees cast their shadows upon its placid bosom, and here and there straggling bushes, bright flowers and rich green grass adorn its banks.

The song of birds fills the air with music. God's love is written and impressed every where, and on every thing.

A shadow falls across my dream, and leaves the passing events in unknown darkness.

I stand on the shores of the same stream. All has changed; but how, why or when, I do not know.

A dark stream rolls beneath my feet, whose waters are colored by a faint rose-tint. Deeper and deeper the tint becomes, until a river of blood goes hurrying past, from which proceed groans, cries, and bitter curses.

Amazed and terrified, I ask whence cometh all this blood that is rushing in a mighty stream, before my gaze?

A voice, mournful but sweet, replies, "It is the blood of thy fellow men, shed by human hands for the furtherance of man's ungodly designs."

A solemn chant, sung by an unseen choir, fills the air, and quiets the moaning waters.

"Look not on human blood,
But rather look on Him
Who died that thou might'st live."

An indescribable calm settles upon me, and lifting the wings with

which I seem to be endowed, I rise to seek that blessed One; when suddenly I awake to find it all a dream.

The bird-like voice of my sister, singing her morning hymn of praise to Him, who, out of evil bringeth good, warns me another day has dawned. Parting the curtains, that shade my windows, I look out upon a world covered with a pure whiteness like His love.

Though oceans of human blood be spilt, yet it cannot equal in depth and power that blood which is capable of purifying so that "Though your sins be as scarlet they shall be white as snow."

THE SELFISH MAN.

Alone in his richly furnished apartment, an old man sat in apparent weariness of life. Infirmities had been creeping upon him for many years. He arose feebly, touched the bell, and was answered by a servant, who approached hesitatingly, for she feared the frown of her master. She gave him the book he called for, and then went away.

He found not his expected enjoyment in it, and soon cast it aside, and asked for his Bible. It had been given to him, when a little child, by his dying father, but now his eyes were too dim to trace its finely printed pages, and he played carefully with the clasp and leaves, while the memories of childhood passed before him.

Sounds of childish mirth came from the distant apartments of the stately residence and mingled with the long forgotten tones of loved ones. He thought of brothers and sisters, and a widowed mother's tender caresses. How strange it seemed to him that he had not thought of these things for so long a time; but his mind had never found leisure to go back to the sweet influences of childhood.

It was not strange that his heart had thus grown cold. Looking back gave him no pleasure, and looking forward, no hope. He walked slow-

ly to the window and looked upon his grounds where money had placed many ornaments, but his own hand had never planted a shrub. He did not think of their beauty, but turned muttering, "Five thousand! It cost me five thousand, but a person must live as others do."

His life had been a failure. The selfish man died and left all his treasure to others. They laid him in his tomb where no light illumines the darkness. All his life he had cared for no one, and now no one cared for him.

MODERN LOVE-LETTERS—HOW PRODUCED.

A complicated machine formed of solids and fluids, fibrous and cellular tissues, not deserving the honest and substantial name of flesh and blood, is encased in silks, ribbons, laces, ruffles, jewels, and various other paraphernalia. The highest point is surmounted with a huge crest—imported from France, of course—ornamented with cork-screw ringlets and *exquisite* frizzes.

A short distance below this decoration are two long pendants, one on either side, enveloped in a manner similar to the body of the machine. The extremities are usually ornamented with gold bands, and gems clasped by shreds of gold. In the center of this machine is a very peculiar magnet. It is heart shaped, and communicates with the extremity of one of the long pendants by means of curiously wrought wires.

This machine, with the addition of a few temporary embellishments, is paraded up and down the street until brought into juxtaposition with a machine of similar form, which is decorated with less display, though no less stylish, and contains a similar magnet.

By a very expressive though slight movement of the *imported decoration*, and a few flourishes of the corresponding pendants, these magnets which possess a strong affinity, are united by an invisible tenacious chain, termed by amateurs "Love's golden links."

The machine fully charged is *immediately* taken home, and placed before a rosewood box, bountifully supplied with highly perfumed vellum, French note, &c., &c. A small pearl rod tipped with gold is attached to the pendant communicating with the magnet. Instantly the subtle fluid flies over the wires, the rod moves, and the following is produced:

PLANCHETTEVILLE,
MONTH OF ROSES,—
LOVE'S BRIGHTEST YEAR.

MY DEAREST DARLING:

Although our meeting was accidental, and so recent, still, I feel that *thou*, my darling, art my own love, my twin spirit, the ideal of my youthful dreams.

Oh! that I could ever be at your side, hear you call me pet names; your bird, your dove, your own beauty, your darlingest sweet, and feel your kisses on my blushing brow, and your arm around my waist, supporting my enraptured form.

You know not how my poor heart bleeds when torn from thine, beloved of my soul. Meet me every day that I may enjoy for a brief time the heavenly bliss of your lovely smiles; for, when separated from thee, I can do nothing but read poetry on love, and sigh that *thou* art not near, *thou* loveliest of all things lovely.

I am overwhelmed with my feelings and can write no more.

Your own, FAIR ONE.

The fluid being exhausted, the rod ceases its motion. The machine must again be exhibited for the purpose of obtaining a new supply, when similar results will follow.

In conclusion, we would add, these machines are *very expensive*, and very difficult to dispose of.

RIVERSIDE MAGAZINE.

The Riverside Magazine for January, fresh and charming, instructive and amusing, mingling fact and fancy, is not only a delight to youth, but very entertaining to "children of larger growth."

The Frontispiece takes us back to lang syne, when good sleighing, good company, moonlight and bells made up for us the sum of earthly happiness.

In "Court Cards," Hans Christian Ander-

sen, the children's friend, tells the little ones a wonderful story, the hidden meaning of which perhaps Grandpa or Grandma will explain, for *they* seem to think that the "Golden Age" when the "King of Hearts" ruled, was long ago, when they were children.

In this number the children are made better acquainted with their good Danish friend by a picture of his genial face and a sketch of his life.

"White and Red," old as well as young should "read, ponder, and inwardly digest" for its suggestions in regard to restoring the sick to health. Harry is a type of many puny children pining out of existence, whom the sunlight, the breezes from the hills, and the thousand invigorating ministries of nature, would restore to healthful, buoyant life.

Appropriate for the Christmas-time just passed is the sketch entitled "Child Born at Bethlehem" with an engraving of the little village where the holy "child" was born.—We are glad that the "Riverside" recognizes the importance of Biblical illustration and instruction for children.

In "Little Story Tellers," our wee ones will find delight, for there are just such dear, funny little Idas and Lolos all over the land; and the boys—the brave boys, big enough to wear boots, how they will revel in the scenes portrayed in "Quagga Hunting" and "The Battle of New Orleans!"

The simple story entitled "It" with its unselfish, uncomplaining pathos goes straight to one's heart. God help the little burden-bearers!

"How Statues Are Made" will be welcomed by the youthful artists who find pleasure in carving out of gypsum or fashioning from clay and putty those marvels of hands and hearts and anchors, &c.

Poetry is well represented by "Tell Me a Story," "The Four Queer Elves" with their four queer names, Ruffecumtuffe, Bibblety-bobble, Floppytyfly and Kickettygo; and "Hide and Seek," of which it is enough to say that it is as charmingly true to nature as are all of Alice Cary's poems.

Lastly come the charades, puzzles and enigmas which will make the merry little ones keep on their "thinking caps" during these long winter evenings, and brighten up the ideas of the older heads.

But more need not be said for the "Riverside" speaks for itself.

The attention of our readers is called to the Prospectus of the Riverside for 1869, and, particularly to the premiums offered both to single subscribers and clubs.

We have received the "Quack Doctor," a fine chromo lithograph, which for the humor of its design and the beauty of its coloring, will be highly valued by those who are so wise as to subscribe and thus avail themselves of this generous offer from the Publishers.

ESSAY,

Read by THOMAS MCCRACKEN, before the Student's Re-union Society, at its last annual meeting.

I very much regret that longer space was not allotted me, to prepare for an occasion in which I have the honor to be a participant; and to acquit myself more satisfactorily, on a spot endeared to my heart by the warmest and most grateful recollections. For here in these sacred halls, I received an education, upon which I trust for my success in life, my good name, and my future happiness.

Throughout the great Northwestern Plane of Illinois a singular problem is presented. On the Northeast, this favored State reposes upon Lake Michigan, the *only one* of our great inland seas (saltless albeit) which, throughout its whole littoral development, is entirely within our glorious Union—the only one over which no foreign flag challenges American supremacy.

On the West, the Mississippi drains to the Gulf of Mexico her numerous affluents, and principally among them *La Belle rivere*, the Ohio, which washes her Southern frontier.

A State so favored by Nature and the genius of her people, is one to which migration, from every part of the old world goes daily on. And although far from disparaging the many elements of knowledge, industry, and enterprise, inherent in this migration, I feel assured that one of the paramount advantages they obtain, in crossing the great oceans, and beholding strange constellations, is the steadfast teaching of such educational centres as the Mount Carroll Seminary.

But the power, Mr. President, my fellow alumni, brother and sis-

ter undergraduates which education exacts is not a compulsory one. Its influences nevertheless are irresistible. Education is like the unconscious influence of light which it, of all things, most resembles. *Many* will be ready to think that light is a very tame and feeble instrument, because it is noiseless. An earthquake for example is to them a much more vigorous and effectual agency. Hear how it comes thundering through the solid foundations of Nature. It racks a whole continent; the noblest works of man—cities, monuments, temples,—are in a moment leveled to the ground, or swallowed down the opening gulf of fire. Little do they think that the light of every morning, the soft, gentle and silent light, is an agent ineffably more powerful.—Let the light of the morning cease and return no more; let the accustomed hour come and bring with it no dawn, the outcries of a *horror-stricken world* would fill the air, and make, as it were, *darkness audible*; the *beasts* would go wild and frantic at the loss of the sun; the vegetable growth turn *pale and die*; the *frosty winds* would *howl across the freezing earth*, and the *blood of ALL creatures be congealed!!* Depend upon it, that in morals, as well as in Nature, the imposing agents, are often less powerful, than the perpetual and unconscious influences. Those influences which appeal to our minds and sensibilities, are the most potent.

Education, unwearying and cumulative, is like the blessed light of the Universe, and like it, is judged of, by the splendor of its effects, or the gloom of its absence.

Without the all-pervading influence of education, society would

be like a Universe without a source of light. Nay, more, it is the source of our most healthful laws, and social ordinances. It is even stronger than they are when adopted; for it preserves their existence, regulates their enforcement and tempers them with mercy as well as with justice. Education, hence, is the common product as well as the common property of human intelligence. But check for a moment the progress of letters; let for an instant the footsteps of learning be palsied, at once all humanizing dependence and emulation among men will vanish; every standard of honor and fellow feeling will sink to the ground; the amenities and lofty ambitions of life will be resolved into barbarism; the bonds which unite all educated nations into a commonwealth of science and research will become loosened; and the *weaker* of every *station and sex* fall a prey to the stronger.

The solemn trusts with which education invests us are as innumerable as important.

This region is the most practical in the world. There are no gloomy forests where fantastic terrors stalk side by side with tangible dangers. No fabled *Parnassus*, no lingering legends endeavoring to defy the tooth which time has fastened on their haunts—our Western Utopia is not one of imagination but of reality. It is a land of opulent soil, profitable labor, and one in which wealth is rapidly accumulating. If it is the asylum of many *indigents* it is the stronghold of *vast properties*.

Here is the first trust committed to education; the conservation of what has been gained by honest industry, or amassed by wisdom and enterprise. Education is not

agrarian—Education does not seek to level and debase by violence and rapine—education strives to *exalt, to enrich; to endow.* EDUCATION, *argues thus.*

That property, is almost universally acquired by good means and for a good end: and, that an end which has no means but such as are bad, is a bad end. For, property, is legal possession. And moreover, it is the incentive to industry, the guardian of order and the preserver of internal quiet. It is likewise, the channel of friendly intercourse between men and nations, and it also assumes a higher point of view, as affording leisure for the pursuit of knowledge,—means for the returns of gratitude: as being *one* of the ties which join succeeding generations. It strengthens domestic discipline, and keeps together the affections of kindred—*above all*, because it is the principle to which all men adapt their plans of life, and on the faith of whose permanency every human action is performed.

In these respects, it is the *hand maiden* of Education, and Education, the Imperial queen of Arts, science and letters, protects and honors her services.

At the close of this address, perhaps already too long, I appeal to you to bear me witness as to one fact. If the sciences, the arts, and higher branches of mechanical skill, have been unable to resist the progress of falsehood, they have never propagated it. If they have been weak they have never been lukewarm in the vindication of truth. When they were presented by physical force, from speaking outright, they have taught by parable, example and allegory. Let us imagine, what an allegory might have been, in the era which made

Galileo, retract his convictions that the earth moved in its orbit—the allegory might have run thus. Let us picture to ourselves the earth still young. The Sun and the four winds have quickened chaos until life, and their mantle of vegetation hides the deformities of primordial night. As yet the sod is uncicatrized by the plow-shear—no sounding keel has furrowed the ocean. Earliest among the orders of existence, Indolence held her sway—for labor had not yet invaded the empire of nature, nor Education unlocked the scepter of art from her treasury.

Animal existence was instinct with capacities for self protection and enjoyment. But man, *sole dependent* upon intellect, existed by the *forbearance* of inferior creatures around him. This existence, was as precarious as obscure, self culture had not set the signet of authority upon his brow.

On a knoll, which the far horizon of land and sea engirdled, meditated a son of those *vigorous* races, upon whom civilization had not yet dawned.

On his left hand, hovered a Geni, who beheld man's lofty form and open brow with distrust. *This*, was the incubus of *sloth, ignorance and obstruction.* Huge but ignoble in aspect; sensual in feature; his eyes flashing cruelty; quick but narrow in thought, and incapable of reasoning.

On his right hand, radiant in the bloom and majesty of supernatural life, stood the Goddess of education and the inventive arts.

Remain as you are, O man, said Incubus, as he shadowed the earth with his opaque wing; what more can you ask? The plain is clad in perennial verdure; behold the trees golden and vermillion with fruit;

the streams muddy with the reflection of their berry-clad banks.

The rose-tinted flowers have woven their festoons over copse-wood and thicket, to variegate the light of their bowers.

Near by, the spring rises in wide caverns upheld by columnar crystals. THERE REPOSE.

The night wind sweeps past their mossy entrance, they are impervious to the summer solstice and defy the storm, what greater happiness, than to watch the azure sky, or the emerald savannas, through these verdure wrought arcades. O, *child of the earth!* you will sleep peacefully in the domes which *nature has hollowed and fortified for her offspring.* Your feet, shall be fleetier than the roebuck—you shall sleep on a couch piled with ermine and furs!

Hear me! said the Goddess of education and human progress. Obey my instructions, and you may disregard the fruits for food or the matted copse for a shelter. You shall plant seeds, as nature once did, but their produce will infinitely exceed her's both in flavor and in size. You need not follow the wild deer for its skin, nor drive the wolf from its lair, to lodge in some sunless cave. I will teach you to build dwellings wherever your fancy leads you, and to draw gushing fountains from the glebe. Turn your back upon that lowering spirit of slothful ease, and *follow my steps.*

Once more the incubus arrested the departing youth. I will teach you, said he, all this *haughty* being promises and *more* than she has proposed. *Declare* that you will accept what I am about to confer, and that you will reject her guidance.

CONCLUDED NEXT MONTH.

THE OREAD.

MOUNT CARROLL, ILLINOIS:
MARCH, 1899.

Editorial Committee for March.

—o—
PRISCILLA T. POLLOCK,
LIDA E. CAMPBELL,
EVA D. BRYANT.
—o—Address all Communications to Financial
Manager of The Oread."Just as the Twig is Bent, the Tree's
Inclined."

Daily observation proves that the young mind is a "tender twig," which may become an "unsightly tree" from the slightest causes.

The child is easily influenced.—A faulty example, or unsound counsel, may entirely change the character, if the careful eye of a wise friend does not detect the improper bias, and counteract its effect. Indeed, much of the difficulty experienced in training the young, arises from indifference to this fact.

If but a *part* of the wisdom and patience employed to straighten the warped faculties and principles of the youth, had been employed at an *earlier period*, in directing him into the proper path, much vain labor would be saved. For instance, if the teacher who is striving to secure in the pupil, habits of careful attention and close application, *could have controlled his early training*, the good accomplished would have been far greater than that which can now be secured.

Place the *little child*, if possible, under wise supervision, and when he is *older*, he can build for himself upon a sure foundation of correct views and habits already formed.

But who teaches the little ones? Too generally, they are those who are deficient in that amount of culture and ability necessary to enable them to proceed in their work skillfully and successfully. No wonder. Who can *expect*, that those who possess sufficient cultivation and

skill wisely to train the young mind, will lend their services for such a scanty pittance as is afforded to the teacher of the little ones?

How often have we heard the remark, "Oh, the children of our school are small; almost any one can teach them." What a mistake! Let those who thus speak beware, lest the "young twigs" of their family garden become wrongly "inclined." Let them awake to the importance of correct training in early childhood, and *act accordingly, in the matter of remuneration to teachers.* Then, a demand for *better* ones, would surely be supplied.

OUR ADVERTISEMENTS.

READ THEM, ONE AND ALL.

We issued an extra form of four pages last month, to make room as far as possible for our advertisers. We find it however, quite impossible to get all in, hence have to give precedence to those earliest received. We would say to our advertisers, *have patience.*—We hope soon to make *some* arrangement by which we may have space for *all* that our friends may be pleased to favor us with. We wished to call especial attention to many of our advertisements, but space forbids it this month.

REDUCED PRICES.

Persons wishing to subscribe for either of the following magazines or papers, will save money to subscribe for the OREAD also.

The subscription price of *The Eclectic Magazine* is \$5. We will furnish it and the *Oread* together at \$4.75 for both.

The Western Monthly is \$2 per year. We will furnish it, and the *Oread* both for \$2.25. *Saturday Evening Post*, alone \$2.50. With the *Oread*, for both \$2.75.

The Phenological Journal alone is \$3. With the *Oread*, both \$3.25.

Life Illustrated is alone \$3. With the *Oread* \$3.25.

Arthur's Home Magazine is alone \$2. With the *Oread* \$2.50.

"*Hours at Home*," alone \$3. With the *Oread* \$3.50.

We shall add other valuable periodicals, (at reduced rates) to our list next month.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.

The anniversary of Washington's birth was pleasantly commemorated by the Oread Society by a literary entertainment held on the evening of the twenty-second.

Did space permit, we should be glad to enter fully into the details of that enjoyable evening, but we can only glance briefly at the programme, which was as follows:

Instrumental Duett,—*"Patriotic Medley,"*—Misses Briggs and Bagg.

Prayer, Prof. M. S. Hall.

Song,—*"Star Spangled Banner,"* Society.

Recitation,—*"Union,"*—Miss Amelia Mason.

Quartette,—*"Flag of the Free,"*—Misses Lambertson, Harvey, Bagg and Briggs.

Essay,—*"Washington and Hercules,"*—Miss Winona Branch.

Trio,—*"The Bright Flag of America,"*—Misses Harvey, Lambertson and Raymond.

TOASTS.

"February 22d—the Day we Celebrate."—Responded to by Prof. M. S. Hall.

"Washington and Grant."—Responded to by Mrs. M. S. Hall.

"Abraham Lincoln—Peer of Washington."—Responded to by Miss R. A. Hull.

"Our Lost and Disabled Soldiers."—Responded to by Miss C. M. Gregory.

"Our Teachers."—Responded to by Miss Winona Branch.

"The Oread."—Responded to by Miss M. F. Waterbury.

"The President of our Society."—Responded to by Miss M. F. Waterbury.

The entertainment closed with

"America," in which all joined with

an earnestness that testified to the

patriotic feeling inspired by the day

and its commemorative exercises.

Character is developed by little

acts,—acts, which in themselves

are trifling, but when taken in the

aggregate, they make the man or

woman.

Students may succeed *well* in

solving an intricate problem, in

grasping an abstruse metaphysical

idea, or in acquiring an accomplish-

ment; yet, mar their whole standing

in their classes by a want of correct

moral principle.

There is, certainly, something

wanting in the development of char-

acter, when we find students defi-

cient in neatness, politeness, punc-

tuality, firmness in adhering to the

right, strict integrity that will pre-

vent him or her from even *bending* any regulation, adopted for the general good. In preparing the following Report, we have endeavored to keep these traits of character in view.

It was difficult to single out *one* from a Class, for in several instances, the standing in Recitation was similar. The *apparent* absence of some one of these traits, gave the preference to the individual designated.

Latin.—A. Miss Branch. B. Miss Pollock. C. (1st div.) Miss Eacker. C. (2d div.) Miss Merrill. D. J. Hurley.

French.—Miss Crouse.

Music.—Miss Mason's class, Miss Vail. Miss Case's class, Miss Harvey. Miss McDaniels' class, Miss Riley.

Vocalization.—Miss Harvey.

Thorough Bass.—Miss Lambertson.

Oil Painting.—A. Miss Lambertson. B. Mrs. Greeley.

Pencilling.—Miss Pollock.

Gymnastics.—(1st div.) Miss French. (2d div.) Miss Charles.

Composition.—Miss Branch.

Declamation.—Miss Mason.

Moral Science.—Miss Charles. *Criticism*.—Miss Branch. *Mental Philosophy*.—Miss Charles. *Rhetoric*.—Miss Mason. *Grammar*.—A. Miss Pope. B. Miss Miller. C. Miss Steffins. D. Amelia Moor. *Analysis*.—Rosse Hostetter.

Physiology.—A. Miss Campbell. B. Miss Bosworth. *Natural Philosophy*.—Miss Charles. *Astronomy*.—Miss Eacker. *Geometry*.—A. Miss Bagg. B. Miss Eacker.

Stoddard's Algebra.—Miss Cole. *Davies' Algebra*.—Miss Bashaw. *Bookkeeping*.—Miss Harvey.

Practical Arithmetic.—A. Miss Olmstead. B. Miss Bagg. C. Miss Early. D. Miss Bucklin. E. Miss Philips. F. Miss Estabrook.

Intellectual Arithmetic.—A. Herman Briggs. B. Miss French. C. Miss Ferrin. D. Miss Libbie Strock. E. Jessie Moor. F. Freddie Smith.

U. S. History.—Miss Eacker. *Guyot's Geography*.—Miss Meyers. *Colton's Geography*.—Amelia Moor. *Primary Geography*.—Susan Colver. *Primer of Geography*.—Jessie Miles. *Physical Geography*.—Miss Eacker.

Reading.—*Sander's Reader*, Miss Mason. *Edward's Analytical Reader*, A. Miss Campbell. B. R. Hostetter. C. Alma Stowell. *Third Reader*, Susan Colver. *Second Reader*, Horace Griffith. *First Reader*, Nellie Hostetter. *Spelling*, Miss Steffins. *Penmanship*, Miss Olmstead.

Mary Lichty stands first in all her classes, but was absent one week during the month on account of sickness. Lizzie Smith was also absent one week, which deprived her of her position in Music and Thorough Bass.

Names of Boarding pupils who have adhered *strictly* to the general regulations of the family:—Misses Pollock, Campbell, Meyers, Burdick, Bashaw, Proudfoot, Annie and Frances Camp, Bailey, and Johnson.

The above Report is for the month ending February 18, 1869.

OUR READING ROOM.

Did you say the reading room was vacant,—that we could be alone there? Oh! but you are very much mistaken, for it is full of our friends,—friends from the east and west and north and south, and we are now to enjoy a cozy chat with them. We cannot *converse* with all this time, but we can with a few, and with others we can exchange the friendly word and smile.

First, the "Western Monthly, devoted to Literature, Biography, and the Interests of the West." It is *of* the West, *for* the West, *worthy* of the West, and every one of our prairie homes should have it. It opens with a fine engraving and sketch of Gov. Fairchild, in which our Wisconsin friends will be especially interested.

"Kate Elbridge," a pleasantly written story; "How and What to Read," by Robert Collyer; "Suffrage," which just at the close alludes to woman's enfranchisement in these words:

"It is the next great reform, the success of which will make our Government a more perfect reflection of the popular will, and bless humanity by purifying the fountains of our legislation and jurisprudence."

"Acadia: The Land of the Mayflower," and the "forest primeval" of Longfellow's *Evangeline*; "The Battle above the Clouds;" "My Room—and Something Else;" "Southern California;" "A Talk about Digestion"—a sensible talk too! "Charlemagne's Lament for Roland;" "Chicago River Tunnel;" "Pearls of Thought" &c. Chicago, Ill., Reed & Tuttle.

"Littell's Living Age." A strong emphasis should be placed upon the word, *living*, for this periodical is, as it always has been, fully

awake and *alive*. In No. 1288, we find the usual variety of excellent matter, both instructive and entertaining. For poetry we have "Robespieres Verses," a "Ballad," "Song from Euripides," and *Nepopolitus to Artemis*."

The first prose article is a characteristic letter from Whittier to Burn's Club of Washington at their annual festival. Next, President McCosh's "Inaugural Address" on the subject of "Academic Teaching in Europe." The subject is treated with great method and clearness. The first point established is the *idea* or *final cause* of University teaching, which is shown to be: first, the education of all the faculties, physical, intellectual, esthetical and moral; secondly, the *imparting* of knowledge in both the physical and moral sciences; thirdly, the giving of professional instruction, which is regarded as a subordinate end; fourthly, the promoting of literature and science, and by its pupils elevating the whole community.

The second point has reference to the branches taught. First the languages, ancient and modern; secondly, Mathematics; thirdly, the physical, and fourthly, the Social and Mental Sciences, as Psychology, Logic, Ethics, Aesthetics &c.

The author then discusses the *method* of teaching, as to which is preferable; by professors or by tutors; by lectures or by textbooks; and decides in favor of a combination of the two methods.

We have not space in which to notice all the points of this lecture which offers so many valuable suggestions to those interested in the subject of Education.

There are several other interesting articles, among which are

"Spedding's Life and Letters of Lord Bacon," "The Man with Two Memories," the "Empire of Novels," which letter teaches us that the empire established with "Pamela" in 1741, is slowly, but surely losing ground before the growing fondness for newspaper reading. There are two continued stories. "Phineas Finn" and the "Country-House on the Rhine," and some shorter articles. LITTELL & GAY, Boston, Mass.

Now we come to the old friend, the "Atlantic,"—a friend whose absence we should sadly miss, did it ever fail us. But this it never does. It comes when looked for, and brings with it the freshness and invigorative energy of its own bracing sea-air.

"Malbone; the Oldport Romance," loses none of its interest in this number; "Aunt Jane" with all her individuality, playing a prominent part.

"The Small Arabs of New York" is a graphic description of the forlorn little waifs of that great city.

Next we find the closing paper or "Co-operative Housekeeping." Woman's Suffrage is touched upon and disposed of in a way that would not be quite pleasing to Mrs. Stanton and Miss Anthony.

"The feminine vote," says the author, "can express, by its very nature, opinion only, not power. If men voted us the vote, what would it avail us if some day they voted to take it away again? Let us have some self-respect. We have not tried yet to influence the world as woman; why, then, should we demand to do it as men?"

And, in truth, is there not brute force enough in the world already? Why should we aspire to be the governing power, instead of its ameliorating influence?

Some such gentle and gracious attitude as this, it seems to me, would better suit women in regard to public affairs, than that actual taking sides and fighting in the battles of the political arena, to which the exercise of manhood suffrage would compel us.

Finishing touches are put to this Utopian scheme, this fairy palace in which the "coming woman" is to dwell. Whether this grand scheme is ever reduced to practice is doubtful, but these papers have taught some truths that may better the condition of woman, by showing her the advantage and importance of self-reliance.

"Little Captain Trott." Something for grandmothers and mothers is this charmingly humorous description of the baby.

"New Chapter on Christian Evidence,"—an argument for christianity derived from its perfect adaptation to the wants of man.

"Consumption in America," "The Foe in the Household," "Our Painters," "Popularizing Art," "The New Education," "The Suabian Alb," "Sedge-Birds," a spirited poem, "Howard at Atlanta," are all interesting and excellent articles. FIELDS, OSGOOD & Co., Boston, Mass.

Had we space, we should be glad to notice at length all of our exchanges, but this time we can do no more than name a part of them:

"Scottish American Journal" New York; "Home Circle," Chicago: S. M. Kenedy; "Musical Independent": Chicago: Lyon & Healy; "Lady's Friend": Philadelphia: Deacon & Peterson; "Hearth & Home": New York: Donald G. Mitchell & Harriet Beecher Stowe; "Onward," New York: Carlton; "Once a Month,"

Philadelphia: T. S. Arthur & Sons; "The Workshop," New York: E. Steiger; "New Englander," New Haven, Conn., W. L. Kingsley; "American Agriculturist," New York: C. Judd & Co.; "Standard," Chicago: Church, Goodman & Co.; "Hours at Home," New York: Charles Scribner & Co.; "Art Journal," Chicago: J. F. Aitken & Co.

Scores of other valuable Exchanges will receive attention as soon as time and space will permit.

OUR MUSICAL DEPARTMENT.

Music is a prominent feature of our school—Euterpe having nearly half as many votaries among us as Minerva. Knowing the refining, ennobling influence of all of the fine arts, and of this art in particular, we are glad to see so many of our western girls devote themselves to it,—whether it be as a profession, or simply as a means of giving pleasure to their friends. To be able to lift the burden from a father's or mother's heart, to soothe or drive away the little vexations of a brother or sister, by playing a simple melody or singing a ballad! Are not these alone worth the time and study given to music? The class in Instrumental Music, which numbers between eighty and ninety; together with the Vocal classes are under the direction of an efficient Principal, M. O. Mason, and assistant teachers, all of whom are graduates of one of our best Musical Academies of New England.

Judging from the rapid progress and the proficiency of the pupils, we can but think that the method of teaching, though not that commonly pursued, is the best adapted of any system to make good theorists as well as fine performers.

Instead of semi-weekly lessons, short ones are given daily. This brings the practice of the pupil more directly under the supervision of the teacher, and, aside from that, the stimulation of preparing a *daily* lesson is much greater than where there is a longer interval.

The theory is taught very thoroughly, daily recitations being required, as well as review of the principles already acquired, at the weekly rehearsals of the Music Classes. These rehearsals, or reviews, albeit they "try girls' souls," are just what the young musician needs, to inspire her with confidence in herself, to enable her to comply with a request to sing or play without first rendering the time worn excuses of a cold and being out of practice. By the way, a prompt and graceful compliance with such request gives *almost* as much pleasure as the music which follows. Our girls will not wait to be urged, thanks to the weekly drill and sensible discipline of our teachers.

Scattered over the building, discouraging sweet strains and, sometimes, under a novice's hands, strains *not* so sweet, are nine pianos, two guitars and two organs. One of these organs, the crowning glory of the department, is the fine instrument noticed in our January number.

O, shade of music-hating Dr. Johnson! could you be in the Seminary for one day, you would be compelled to retract the ungracious reply which you made to a friend who remarked upon the great difficulty of a brilliant musical performance: "Difficult! I wish it were *impossible*!"

Did you not know that those who do not love music "are fit for treason, stratagem and spoils?"

But, to return to our subject; we would say in conclusion, that every facility for acquiring a thorough knowledge of the theory of Music, and skill in the practice that is found in a Musical Academy, is afforded here, and all pupils who successfully finish a prescribed course, will receive a diploma of graduation.

NEW MUSIC.

Looking over new music is *almost* as enjoyable as looking over new books. We linger a little at the title page to see the name of a favorite author, then glance over the mystic characters, so unmeaning to some, but suggesting to others such a world of harmony and delight.

First in the choice assortment before us is the "Velocipede;" as its name indicates, a lively little gallop, by Fiske. S. Brainard & Sons, Cleveland, Ohio.

"Love Will go Where'er 'tis Sent," a song and chorus; music by J. S. Coe. Here is sentiment for the sentimental. J. L. Peters, New York.

Next are four songs with colossal title pages: "Kate O'Shane" and "Nellie Malone," by the musical favorite, J. R. Thomas; and "Florence McBride" and "Maggie Leroy," by S. B. Charles. S. Brainard & Sons, Cleveland, Ohio.

Another from Thomas: "Do Ye Right and Fear Not." The music expresses the earnest sentiment of the words—

"Do ye right and fear not,
In doubt and pain and loss!
Onward! thou shalt conquer,
Thou soldier of the cross."

(J. L. Peters, New York.)

Seek and Ye Shall Find;" a beautiful sacred song; music by T. B. Bishop. J. L. Peters, New York.

"At the Gate I Wait for Thee." Belle Mahone's Reply. A sweet

little ballad; music by Havens. S. Brainard & Sons, Cleveland, Ohio.

"Let Me Rest where the Loved Ones are Sleeping." One of Keller's ballads. The sentiment finds an echo in every heart. J. L. Peters, New York.

"Oh, Let Me Think of Heaven!" A quartette with solo for contralto or bass voice, and accompaniment for harmonium or piano; music by Groschel. J. L. Peters, New York.

"Thoughts of Happy Days," a simple but beautiful song and chorus; music by S. B. Charles. S. Brainard & Sons, Cleveland.

"No Home to Shelter Her Poor Little Head," a charming little ballad, full of pathos; not difficult; music by Frank Stanley. J. L. Peters, New York.

"The Butterfly." By Luigi Arditi. As the name suggests, an airy, graceful melody, with English and Italian words; music not difficult. J. L. Peters, New York.

"No Crown without the Cross." One of Thomas' compositions. The title page has the flower-wreathed cross and the crown in a finely printed colored lithograph. Sentiment beautiful, and well expressed by the music. J. L. Peters, New York.

Others from these popular publishers lie temptingly near, but we must reserve the pleasure of glancing at them until our next issue.

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

The subscription price of "Arthur's Home Magazine" is \$2 per year. We will furnish it, together with "The Oread," to new subscribers, for \$2.50 per year.

WANTED.

A good Gardener to take charge of the Seminary Grounds, which consist of twenty-five acres, a large part of which is devoted to fruit and vegetable garden. For particulars address the PRINCIPALS at Mount Carroll Seminary, Carroll Co., Ill.

Notices of New Books Received.

"*Farmers' and Mechanics' Manual*" by W. S. Courtney, revised and enlarged by Geo. E. Waring Jr., and published in the West by C. W. Lilley, Chicago, Ill.

This "Manual," aside from its attractive binding, clear type, and numerous illustrations, is full of valuable information, concisely and methodically given. It is just what it professes to be, a book of "facts and figures"—assured analysis and demonstrations—about which there can be no dispute." As a book of reference it is needed in every household, and should stand side by side with "Webster's Unabridged."

In our limited space it is impossible even to indicate all the prominent excellences of this work; we must be content with giving a passing glance at a few of them, assured that it will soon find its way into all of our households, and speak effectually for itself.

We notice particularly the comprehensive treatment of the subject of SOILS, their classification, analysis, exhaustion and restoration; the DRAINING OF LAND and ROTATION OF CROPS.

For the DAIRY there are many valuable suggestions with regard to BUTTER AND CHEESE MAKING, SOILING OF CATTLE, and STEAMING FOOD FOR STOCK.

There is an interesting article explaining and illustrating STEAM CULTIVATION, and showing with what success it has been used in England.

The receipts and directions for House-Painting are minute and complete, making country-dwellers comparatively independent of city workmen.

For House-Keepers there are tables showing the comparative value of fire-woods in a seasoned state, or when burnt to charcoal; the weights per cubic foot of different kinds of coal; the heating power of different combustibles, relative value of different fuels, &c.

The METRIC SYSTEM OF WEIGHTS AND MEASURES is much more complete than anything of the kind in our ordinary text-books, and this, with the articles on MENSURATION, HYDRAULICS, WEATHER, AVERAGE TEMPERATURE AND FALL OF RAIN, we would particularly commend to the notice of teachers and students.

It would seem that no information on the affairs of every-day life could be desired which this book will not furnish. It will be found invaluable not only to "FARMERS AND MECHANICS," but to merchants and house-keepers, and, in fact, to every practical, thorough-going person—to every one who wishes to conduct his business intelligently, and with the greatest economy of time and labor.

IN THE SCHOOL ROOM; *Chapters on The*

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